## THE NEW PLAYS •

"Good Morning, Judge" English Musical Comedy

BY CHARLES DARNTON

"N his early days, Pinero wrote a farce called "The Magistrate," and this farce was turned into a musical comedy last night at the Shubert Theatre.

We might easily shake our heads over the experiment if it were not for the fact that any old farce may be turned into musical comedy. Apparently London is still rejoicing in Pinere given to music. London revels in its "night clubs" while New York keeps its eye on the clock. But "The Boy" of the Adelphi in London doesn't necessarily mean the "Oh Boy"

of New York. "Good Morning, Judge," is a must-

"Good Morning, Judge," is a musical common control of the cabaret dear to Broadway. Both Pinero and London have a great deal to learn from New York.

That fat comedian, George Hassell, was amusing as the magistrate who found himself brought into court, and Mollie and Charles King danced charmingly. But I must say that Mollie had no reason for showing her business. Like her brother, she has the Irish face and the Irish feet that mark the spell of charm. Charles has his hair out and he caverts in an Eton jacket, while she easily wins her audience. Margaret Dale, clean-out and fascinating: Grace Daniela, Edward Martindel and others lend themselves to an enlivening performance. Moreover, the chorus girls are prestly, so that altogether "Good Morning, Judge," stands convicted as "a good show."

GREET'S "DRY" PARTY.

BY WAY OF DIVERSION.

with Suc," said Mrs. Henry

Waite. "She's been so sort o'

dreamy-like an' solemn here of

late. She's started writin' poetry

the foolish, mushy kind. At

times I think that girl of ours has half-way tost her mind. It's Pa's idea that Sue's in love. I guess perhaps he's right. At any rate, she's got a beau who calls 'most ev'ry night. An' when he

goes Sue takes her pen an' writes some poems out. It's hard for Pa an' me to ketch just what they're all about. Last week I

found one all fixed up concernin'

summer time. It said true love

thrives best in June, 'Twas such such a mushy rhyme. Another

told of broken hearts and tearto us that somethin's wrong, an'

mighty wrong, with Suc. The

worst part is, Suc's quit all

work. She's says it's such a bore.

She never helps me round the

house the way she did before.

If Henry's right an' Sue's in

love, she's got to wed-that's

what! Or else she's got to do

her work an' out out writin' rot."

GOSSIP.

"They's somethin' surely wrong

## About Plays and Players By BIDE DUDLEY

E DITH HYDE, who was given the Golden Apple and adjudged the most beautiful wo speaking to both, if you wish. man in New York, at the Chu Chin Chow Ball recently, has been offered several metons since and may decide to cut one seen. So that those who are not members of our set may understand, we will elucidate by stating "I don't understand it," he said to deratand, we will effected by stating that said meions are offers from the atrical managers and film makers for her services on the stage and in the movies.

"I have received many theatrical effers," said Miss Hyde last night, "and offers, the, of motion picture work. Eventually I mean to accept the most alluring one."

"Have you received any 'mash notes." was asked.

"Not one," replied the apple saucy beauty.

Strappe, yea, even weird, say we!

beauty. Strange, yea, even weird, say we!

## ROTHAPFEL'S NEW PLAN.

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Sam I. Rothapfel, who recently resigned the management of the Riaito and Rivoli Theatres, has organized the Rothapfel Pictures Corporation, with offices at No. 130 West 46th Street, and will produce a complete motion picture theatre programme six times a year. In the make-up of the programme will be a feature, a seenic, a news reel and a comedy. A music score will be included. If the demand warrants he will get these programmes out more often.

NEW ROCHELLE'S JANES.

And now Milt C. of Brooklyn-of course you know him-has fired a volley of rhyme at us because of that White Plains "Jane" poem we perpetrated. Hear the lad: I've read the rhymes about White

Plains. And all its so-called classy Janes;

But I the world do want to tell They've got some queens in New

I travelled for from Brooklyn town To meet these dames of great

Dear Reader, if you seek a belle, They have them there in New Rochelle.

They've got our city Janes all beat; Why, just to see them is a treat; Eo take the subway, train or "L," And make a trip to New Rochelle.

WHAT'S HIS LUCKY NUMBER?

Eddie Dunn is at Atlantic City re-cuperating and the like. The Friars' dinner to Frank Bacon has been postponed to Feb. 16. What is Oliver Morosco's lucky number? Answer us immediately-is number? Answer us immediately—is it 13 or 10? Ah. ha! You don't know Well, listen! William Courtenay thinks it is 15, because there are thirteen letters in "Oliver Morosaco" and thirteen in the "Courtenay-Wise" combination; also thirteen players in "Cappy Ricks" Mr. Morosco says it is 10 because there are ten letters in "Peter B. Kyne," from whose stories "Cappy Ricks" was made, and the same number in "Edward Rose," who dramatized the tales. What we want to know is how many letters there are in the Post drome.

ward tales. What we want to know is how many letters there are in the Post Office.

FIE. YOUSE TWO:

Nellis Revells and Joe Plyna, both talented and engaging pross agents, have sent us the same story. Each tells how a woman referred, at a box office, to the Knickerbocker Theatre as the "Short Pants" Theatre. One role in "The Dancer,"

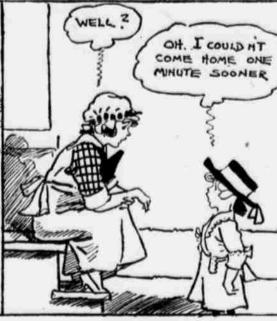
"Scandal," Cosmo Hamilton's new says the woman wanted to see "Scandal," Cosmo Hamilton's new says the woman wanted to see "Scandal," Cosmo Hamilton's new page to the Mosey of the Mosey. "Listen, Lester" and the other swears play, will open to-morrow night at she was looking for "Bone Time" the Court Square Theatre, Spring-



Bumstead's Worm Syrup For 50 years the eafe and sure flemedy for mole the worms. It never lails. One bottle killed Husberg, Sold everythere 3de stottle. Husberg, C. & VOORHEES, W. D., Phila. Fe dumb?

LITTLE MARY MIXUP









THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY

Y' See, Joe Inherited All Hen's Troubles!

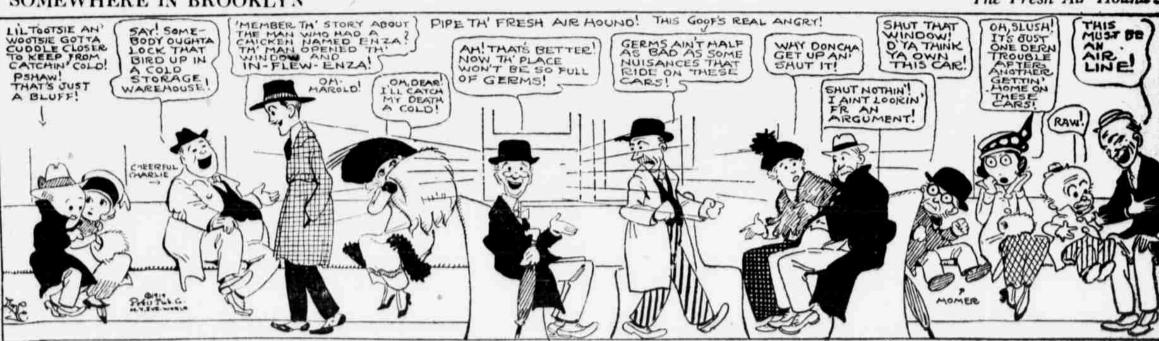


JOE'S CAR

Joe, Tell the Wiff What You Think of HER!



SOMEWHERE IN BROOKLYN



AND HE WAS

IN HIS LIFE

NEVER KNOWN TO

STRIKE A DUMB ANIMAL

A DOG NEVERS

STEP HUNDRY -

GRINDSTONE GEORGE

HE WAS A

GREAT LOVER.

OF DUMB MAINTALS

WHENEVER I

SEE A DOG I THINK

Convertabl 1919, Pries Publishing Co. (W. T. Evening

OF UNCLE ABNER



FOOLISHMENT. A Greenpoint old lady named Skinner Had beans ev'ry day for her dinner; Said she: "They're so sweet, That my meal is complete: tell you them beans is a winner,"

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE. Wife-You're kinder to dumb ant icls than you are to me. Husband-Why don't you by being

NO. BUT

BEAT HIS WIFE

AND THE KIDS!

HE USED TO

